

UPSTAIRS CLUB

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BACK TO WORK after such a satisfying vacation is not easy. At best, September is never an easy month. It is, in a school, a new beginning, a time of reorganization, of trying to re-establish order in schedules so that the coming year's routine will be bearable and have some degree of efficiency. One must go through it each year, like it or not. As H.L. Menchen wrote - "I go on working for the same reason that a hen goes on laying eggs."

The summer news is now no longer news. There was during August an influx of SC dancers to New York...a few stayed and others returned. DIANE KORF and ANNA DROGOSZEWSKI are both at Radio City Music Hall. DONNA EHRLER, LAURA CHAMBERLIN, MARK GOLDMAN and BILL GATEWOOD were there for short visits. The summer was saddened by the deaths of BEATRICE BOLM and LILLIAN MOORE. LILLIAN was a dear friend of ours and had taught a variation class in our school and also wrote an article for the Upstairs Club Bulletin. Her death is a great loss to the dance world because of her writing and extensive research work in the field. Mrs. BOLM was the wife of ADOLPH BOLM and at one time was prominent in the Chicago dance world. At one time during the summer JUDY CONWAY was home from Sweden, NAOMI SORKIN was home from Ballet Theatre, and MARGARET YELACIC home from her wanderings in the Caribbean. During the summer SHELLY BERMAN was married and DEBORAH KRYCH had a baby boy. While in Europe we had a visit with JOHN NEUMEIER and TRUMAN FINNEY in Stuttgart Germany. Both are now soloists in the John Cranko Ballet. We were not able to see a performance or rehearsal and the week following our visit they were on their way to Greece for performances there. While in Garmisch we had a wonderful evening with TERRY RUDOLPH and her mother. TERRY is now in her 18th year as producer of the Ice shows there

which has supplied the skaters for most of the ice shows in Europe and America. Her shows are a training ground for ice skaters. We saw her present show which is a very entertaining and beautiful evening. All the wardrobe is designed and made by Mrs. Rudolph...JOE KAMINSKI had an emergency operation in the middle of their season at Interlochen. He is back now as good as new. We were very happy and pleased to see CY YOUNG here in "On a Clear Day"...not such a good show but CY was great in his short but important assignment. We would like to see him do more performing instead of writing because he really has a very special gift for the stage. JIM MOORE has been involved with rehearsals for Ballet Theatre before their tour. And out of the blue we had visits from BILL REILLY, DARRELL NOTARA and JOHN SHARPE all in the same week. All were chuck full of news which will all mature by the next Bulletin. At the moment PAT CUMMINGS is busy staging the dances for "Mamie" and rumor has it that he is to get one percent of the show. JOHN SHARPE will stage "Little Me" for Donald O'Connor in Las Vegas after a stint in St. Paul, Minnesota doing "Sweet Charity"...he will also be in on the Movie when it is being done this spring in Hollywood. Here at home there has been a back to school trend - ELISABETH WINEBERG back to Boston - BILL BADOLATO, BILL GATEWOOD, ALICE BRIN, JULIE BICKING, MARILYN ALLEN and many others are back in classes. Everybody is happy about the return of the Old Auditorium to the artistic life of Chicago but what a pity the first performance wasn't a musical event with a local orchestra. It is an ideal theatre for Ballet and we all have happy memories of the Old Ballet Russe performances there in the early 30's. And more important to me I had my professional debut there in the corp de

ballet of the Chicago Civic opera company in 1928 in the opera "Carmen".

"AN AIRING"

Thoreau, our most quotable American, once said - "We only need travel enough to give our intellects an airing". This idea coupled with my having to wait such a long time for a European trip made it an especially refreshing experience. No question, my mind needed an airing from the teaching of dance, from the noise and dirt of Chicago and from all the insanity that exists all around us.

Because I had waited so long for this singular pleasure, and was older by many years, I believe I saw things with different eyes than most tourists do. We did not attend a musical festival, nor see a theatrical performance of any kind, Ballet or Opera. We did not visit a famous gambling casino or seek out the rarified restaurants like most people do. But what we did do made a very great impression on me; it all boils down to the impression I acquired of the people of these countries and the difference between their way of living and ours, their values and ours.

It is true, unfortunately, that they are changing somewhat. The larger cities especially, are becoming more commercialized, more mechanized and more American. Despite this, qualities do exist in the European cities we visited that do not exist in ours.

The slower pace at which Europeans are said to move is not one of these qualities. Madison Street at rush hour now seems peaceful to me in comparison to the baffling traffic in Switzerland, Spain or Portugal. In these countries the automobile is a plaything with no speed laws or stop lights to govern them. Drivers go 80 miles an hour down the busiest streets with the poor unfortunate pedestrian patiently waiting on the corner in an effort to escape to the other side. The unrefined gas they use makes the air even worse than ours, if that could be possible. The "haze" in the air is truthfully smog like ours. In Lucerne Switzerland we were surrounded by very high and beautiful mountains but we did not see them until the day we left that enchanting city.

Do you remember this old anonymous poem?

I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

Germany and Austria were an exception, (at least when we got out of Frankfurt). Here was blue sky and green fields and beautiful mountains.

In these countries the people seemed to be very law abiding people. Laws are made to benefit the people and for the good of the country and are respected as such. I was never conscious here of a policeman keeping order (although I am told they were there), rather, the people do it themselves. Their respect for the laws of nature and nature itself is a wonderful thing. For instance, their care of the trees and their forests. The results of reforestation is apparent everywhere. A tree can only be destroyed by a government permit and if cut must be replaced threefold. It is unthinkable that such a bit of vandalism as recently happened at Miller's Meadow, south of Maywood, could happen there.

Every farm is a garden immaculately kept from the roadside to the very mountain top. Every inch of ground is cultivated to produce a crop and each plot of ground has a variety of plantings, not just a single crop. Often a field may be on a steep mountain side where it is necessary to cut and reap their crops by hand with scythes and hand rakes. Usually the women and children are in the fields doing this work while the father has a job in the nearby village. The use of natural fertilizers makes the soil very rich and unusually productive. One is impressed by the orderliness, cleanliness, efficiency and the love of beauty of these people. Every vegetable garden, and they are large, has a flower garden of equal size.

Europeans live closer to nature than we do in America. In any large city one is only moments away from a lovely well kept park where one can sit with safety and enjoy the outdoors. No park is without large gardens of flowers, common and rare, in profusion. Birds of every description wander around at your feet uncaged. These birds - peacocks, flamingoes, white and black swans, ducks

and doves are unmolested by the public.

Flower, fruit and vegetable markets abound in every city and are truly a colorful sight in the early mornings. The variety of vegetables displayed is almost unbelievable to us Americans who are exclusively a carrot and pea nation. Europeans love to eat and these markets certainly are an inducement to enjoy the fruits of the earth. My friend, Emerson, put it this way; "He who knows the most; he who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, and how to come at these enchantments, is the rich and royal man."

It is a common sight to see men and women on the streets carrying arm loads of golden rods, asters, dahlias, gentians or other flowers to their offices or home at night. No place of business is without large vases of flowers attractively arranged among their displays. Every house has window boxes on each floor to the roof with masses of blooming plants literally pouring out of them. In Germany the favorite seems to be the "Storchschnabel", or as we know it "Geranium". Where ever planted, on the first floor, or the third, around the barn or in the garden they bloom themselves silly. In Munich we saw a six story hotel with white flowers cascading from every window around the entire facade to the roof. In Switzerland the fuschia is most prominent, combined with petunias, calceolaria, and ivy geraniums. The flowers in Portugal were even more spectacular. The flamboyant bougainvillea, and the vivid steel blue morning glories crawling up trees and over every veranda and garden wall. Giant Hibiscus, every shade of red, pink or white oleanders and lantana in tree form, a delicate limpid blue leadwort in every courtyard. Europeans, it is obvious, do take a splendid pride in their extensive gardens.

The giant shade trees in the parks and home gardens show the respect and care that has been given them for centuries. There is an infinite variety of maples, beech, ash chestnuts, sycamore, oaks, locust and many unusual kinds of pines and evergreens. I don't believe I saw a single elm, maybe they learned from experience.

I have always favored young people having work to do. Here in America child

labor laws and unions prevent many young people from working. In Europe it was a pleasure to see youngsters being useful and content with work. A young girl might be dusting or cleaning in a store, or washing windows in a restaurant. Small boys everywhere were learning trades and how to graciously meet the public in hotels, cafes and stores. On the farms and vineyards everyone is hard at work and none of them seem to be any the worse for it. Quite the opposite, they are cheerful and anxious to be friendly and of assistance using their most courteous manners and disarming personalities.

In each museum I was reminded of a line by Huxley - "Culture is like the sum of special knowledge that accumulates in any large family, and is the common property of all its members". Here one did not feel a self-conscious effort to be cultured, one was cultured, whether a shopkeeper, a gardener, a cab driver or a tourist guide.

Hordes of visitors were enjoying this common property in the museums. The art accumulation of ages all before one's eyes in one large room after another. The wonder of first seeing a complete room of Murillo's, of Rubens, or of Valesquez, leaves one spellbound. As you proceed you find quantities of Georgione, El Greco, Goya, Rembrandt, Titian and Tiepolo. Just name the artist and the period and they are there to be found. I could not help but think of the love and labor that went into saving these treasures through all the destructive years of war and other human atrocities. Saved unselfishly for all the future generations of mankind. We visited many museums but the most incomparable of all was the Museo Del Prado in Madrid. The Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna and the Alte Pinakothek in Munich ran a close second but both with an infinitely better building to house them. The Museum in Vienna was a work of art in itself.

The castles are a major part of this culture and a boon to the tourist trade in each country. Even though herded through them in great numbers they are impressive and very beautiful. To do them justice and to see them well is a

tour in itself. In most cases they are exceedingly well kept with well informed guides to tell you their fascinating history. We saw many castles but only visited eight and no one would argue that Schonbrunn in Vienna and the Royal Palace in Madrid are the most beautiful of all. Linderhof outside of Garmisch is staggering in its richness (almost gaudiness) and was the winter home of the Mad King of Bavaria. The ceilings alone in Belvedere Palace in Vienna and the Residenz in Wurzburg with their Teipolo paintings are worth the trip to see. And the Castle de Pena near Sintra Portugal is the nearest to a fairy tale castle of all. Perched high on the top of a mountain with the only way of getting to it is on foot. The view from the top overlooked a vast expanse of Portugal and Spain. The Imperial Castle of Nuremburg was more of a fortress than a place to live and also gave one a fabulous view of the surrounding country.

The most important building in any village is the local church, so much of their wealth seems to go into maintaining them, for they are often very old and in constant need of repair. They can be of any size from private chapels alongside of the road to mammoth cathedrals. There is a mixture of styles, Roman, Byzantine, Gothic or rococo and often with a mixture of two or three styles in one church. La Cathedrale de Francfort had been destroyed in the bombardment in 43-44 with the exception of its very high jewel like tower. The Cathedral has been restored so well that it is difficult to say which is the new and which is the old. Of the larger churches the Michaelskirche in Bamberg Germany with its vaulting Gothic lines was most overpowering. The Karlskirche in Vienna with a most unusual exterior was intimate inside and on the rococo side. Most charming of all was

the Wies Kirche or as it is more commonly called "The church in the Meadow". Literally in the middle of a plush green meadow with beautiful Brown Swiss cattle grazing all around it. The inside is not to be believed with its handsome wood carved pews and alters. Painted ceilings and windows add the only color to the plain white and grey of the fixtures. It has a very romantic quality and for this reason weddings are very popular there.

The six and a half days in Estoril, Portugal were a wonderful climax to an almost perfectly planned trip. Here we had rest and time to lay in the sun. Our hotel, The Estoril-Sol, was luxurious, comfortable and in every way pleasant. We preferred eating in the nearby village of Cascais, a short walk from the hotel. After our sunbaths at the Olympic sized pool we walked through the quaint streets with wonderfully landscaped homes and mansions on the hills. In the mornings it was a picturesque sight to see the women with their huge baskets of fish or vegetables on their heads racing on the cobble stones, barefooted, to the home districts to sell them. Portugal is an incongruous country. The land itself is dry and arid and it would seem unproductive. And the people have found other ways to make their living. Their economy depends entirely on three products - wine, cork and fish. Alongside this bareness is also a display of fantastic wealth from other countries; the deposed royalty of European countries and retired Americans.

The first showing of slides will be the 8th of October - if you can bear it - please come - I was only able to take 900 pictures.